

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS



AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

No. 6.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

ONE PENNY.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

ANOTHER of the world-famed boat races between the members of the two Universities of England has terminated, and the result is detailed in another column. In this place we refer to it for the purpose of giving expression to a few remarks inspired by the occasion. In the first place, we wish to call the attention of the class of Mawworm who would cry down muscular Christianity and lined both banks of the river; we would ask them to mark their smiling faces and merry laugh, and tell us what they saw to turn up the whites of their eyes about in the sight to which we refer. Surely if anything could con- vince the most obstinate of the class who would destroy our national amusements that their day of triumph is not yet nearly arrived; in fact, that it looms remarkably far away in the distance; so far, that it has not yet cast the faintest shadow of its coming.

Our daily contemporary, the *Standard*, thinks the race sufficiently important to warrant a leader in the issue of Monday last. We are delighted to see that the subject has been so well treated by a branch of the public press not professing that, according to the influence of the eddies; but now there is a steeper run forward—and again it slackens—another gentle, steady pull, without any twitching movement, however—then follows a vigorous strain, and the point of the rod dips almost to the water. In the name of all that's wriggling and slimy, an sel! and he has found out that there is something just a little peculiar about the worm he has so incautiously bolted; and he is making off to his tangled strong- hold, a movement which will infallibly bring us to grief if we permit it, so we will have him up at once—a lazy, "wob- bling" resistance, and here he is on the gravel under my foot, and I proceed to extract the hook which he has swallowed—by no means so far as he would if I had given him time. There are many more of his brethren here, no doubt; and by sinking the bait I might soon fill a basket with them; but I say with Hiawatha, "You are not the fish I wanted." He is not much hurt, so let him go. Let us about as much in request here as an article of food as pork is among the Jews. You have got five trout, you say. Yes, I see; pretty fair for a beginner, in twenty minutes. But what's the matter now? Get your line fast at the bottom. So you have; you are fairly "cragged," as they call it in these parts, and you have tried the usual remedy, but it has failed, and provided "no purpose, you say. Let me take the rod. I will wade across to the opposite bank, on the shallows, and try what a pull in the other direction will do. It often succeeds when nothing else will. No, it won't do. We must even take hold of the line, and apply main force. So here it comes away, but minus the hook and most of the gut-line. Put on another, and let us make our way up stream. We have two or three miles to go before we turn. Wind up your line for once, and observe the water I fish, and the results. Then you shall go on "on your own hook." This slow rapid I shall pass over. The current is too strong, and there is not enough harbourage for the fish. But here, where the burn spreads out into a wider bed, shallow at the edge, and deepening gradually to apparently four feet or so, under an overhanging bank, is a pretty safe venture. I fish it up, you see, beginning, too, with the shallow, and, by degrees, making my way, by sliding, to the deeper portion. One, two, three out of the shallow at once—two from under the bank, and one (three-quarters of a pound, I should say) from the back-water where the white foam is floating. Now we come to a piece of water interspersed with largish rocks and stones, breaking the current, and leaving little lays, so to speak, behind each. Pretty sure to be a trout or more in each of these resting-places. So it turns out, you see; and the basket is getting heavier, though the fish are small. We have next in our upward course a nice-looking stream and pool; but I do not try it. Why? Because I have fished it several times on former occasions with scarcely any success. There is something in the nature of the bottom probably which prevents them from lying here. Now, the advantage that I gain from this slight knowledge of the water is, that I can expect the time when I should have thrown away here more profitably elsewhere. How great an advantage, then, must a local angler who knows the water thoroughly have over casual comers. But, come, you had better be fishing on your own account now, whether you do it well or ill; and do not expect too much at once. You cannot become an adept in the art "per saltum." Two forks of the burn, as you see, unite here. Each of them is worth fishing for a mile and a half further or so, and you shall take your choice of them, or rather I will direct your choice. You had better go up the right-hand branch, till to the left is rather cumbered with brushwood.

JOHN CARMEL HEENAN, THE BENICIA BOY.

Heenan first saw the light in the year 1834, in the Naval Arsenal at Troy, United States, where his father was employed in the laboratory department of the gun factory as a charger of shells. His father and mother were both Irish. At an early age he became a forgerman at Benicia, from whence he takes his nick-name; and it was while working here that he from time to time displayed flint povers of no ordinary quality. With the true Hibernian blood in him, he had several turns up in California, and when he got to New York he was fortunate to secure an inspection of Customs under Government, but this after his defeat by Morriarty. He is 5 ft. 11 in. in height, possesses excellent shoulders, a fine chest and back, but his joints are, for his height, decidedly slack. His head is well set on; his neck good; his arms long, lean, and muscular; his understandings, too, are long and made in Nature's best mould, being quite straight and very shrewy. His revisiting the scene wherein he obtained a name which will long be remembered by all lovers of true courage and scientific boxing enables us to present our readers with his picture. It is from the last photograph he has sat for, and presents a very striking likeness. The alteration in his personal appearance since his memorable fight with Sayers is very slight indeed.

ANGLING.

WHILE you are doing your best here, I will move a few yards higher, to the point where the stream pours itself over the rocky ledge into the pool. There ought to be a good trout or two lying in the eddies. I have not long to wait, you see—a sharp, decided run immediately. I am fishing from the rocks considerably above the level of the water; so I must bring my fish down in order to land him, and must keep him well in hand, or he will carry the line under some shelving stone or round some old root. Two or three vigorous rushes, and an indignant floss at the top of the water, and he turns on his side, not a handsome specimen certainly—rather black, and too large in the head. In the South we should turn him in again that he might have a chance of getting into better condition, but hereabouts that desirable consummation will probably synchronize with the Greek Kalends; so we may as well have him now as any time. We will measure him by the conveniently graduated rod-butt. 15 inches, and not much over a pound, after all. He has probably not run up from the river, but is a native of the burn. I will attach another shot or two, put on a rather larger worm, and take a throw into the rough water, so that my bait may be carried gently into the heart of the pool, and I will allow it to move for a minute or two at the will of the current, without guidance from the hand.

So I may lay my rod down, and place a stone on the butt, while I discuss a sandwich. The line is slowly and almost imperceptibly drawn, now this way, now that, according to the influence of the eddies; but now there is a steeper run forward—and again it slackens—another gentle, steady pull, without any twitching movement, however—then follows a vigorous strain, and the point of the rod dips almost to the water. In the name of all that's wriggling and slimy, an sel! and he has found out that there is something just a little peculiar about the worm he has so incautiously bolted; and he is making off to his tangled strong- hold, a movement which will infallibly bring us to grief if we permit it, so we will have him up at once—a lazy, "wob- bling" resistance, and here he is on the gravel under my foot, and I proceed to extract the hook which he has swallowed—by no means so far as he would if I had given him time. There are many more of his brethren here, no doubt; and by sinking the bait I might soon fill a basket with them; but I say with Hiawatha, "You are not the fish I wanted." He is not much hurt, so let him go. Let us about as much in request here as an article of food as pork is among the Jews. You have got five trout, you say. Yes, I see; pretty fair for a beginner, in twenty minutes. But what's the matter now? Get your line fast at the bottom. So you have; you are fairly "cragged," as they call it in these parts, and you have tried the usual remedy, but it has failed, and provided "no purpose, you say. Let me take the rod. I will wade across to the opposite bank, on the shallows, and try what a pull in the other direction will do. It often succeeds when nothing else will. No, it won't do. We must even take hold of the line, and apply main force. So here it comes away, but minus the hook and most of the gut-line. Put on another, and let us make our way up stream. We have two or three miles to go before we turn. Wind up your line for once, and observe the water I fish, and the results. Then you shall go on "on your own hook." This slow rapid I shall pass over. The current is too strong, and there is not enough harbourage for the fish. But here, where the burn spreads out into a wider bed, shallow at the edge, and deepening gradually to apparently four feet or so, under an overhanging bank, is a pretty safe venture. I fish it up, you see, beginning, too, with the shallow, and, by degrees, making my way, by sliding, to the deeper portion. One, two, three out of the shallow at once—two from under the bank, and one (three-quarters of a pound, I should say) from the back-water where the white foam is floating. Now we come to a piece of water interspersed with largish rocks and stones, breaking the current, and leaving little lays, so to speak, behind each. Pretty sure to be a trout or more in each of these resting-places. So it turns out, you see; and the basket is getting heavier, though the fish are small. We have next in our upward course a nice-looking stream and pool; but I do not try it. Why? Because I have fished it several times on former occasions with scarcely any success. There is something in the nature of the bottom probably which prevents them from lying here. Now, the advantage that I gain from this slight knowledge of the water is, that I can expect the time when I should have thrown away here more profitably elsewhere. How great an advantage, then, must a local angler who knows the water thoroughly have over casual comers. But, come, you had better be fishing on your own account now, whether you do it well or ill; and do not expect too much at once. You cannot become an adept in the art "per saltum." Two forks of the burn, as you see, unite here. Each of them is worth fishing for a mile and a half further or so, and you shall take your choice of them, or rather I will direct your choice. You had better go up the right-hand branch, till to the left is rather cumbered with brushwood.



PORTRAIT OF HEENAN.

(From a Photograph published by George Newbold.)

RABBIT COURSEING.

CITY GROUNDS, BRADFORD, MANCHESTER, SATURDAY, APRIL 12th.—These grounds were visited this afternoon by about 300 persons to witness the match between W. Entwistle's Fly, and J. Heywood's Twist (both of Manchester), to run the best of 21 courses, for £5 a side. Mr. Holden was stakeholder. The less said about the match the better, as it turned out one of the most hollow affairs ever witnessed. At the time the match stood Twist six and Fly two, there was 2 to 1 freely offered on Fly. However, people were not to be done with their ears and eyes open, so they rushed into the field and stopped the dogs until all bets were off, after which the match proceeded. Fly catching 11, whilst Twist secured 8.

LADY AND SPRING.—Mr. Holden now has £5 a side for the match between J. Entwistle's Fly, and J. Heywood's Twist (both of Manchester), to run the best of 21 courses, for £5 a side, at the City Grounds, Bradford, to-day (Saturday), the 19th inst. Lady to have one dead rabbit given.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

Notwithstanding our offer last week to repurchase or exchange any Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 the trade on horse, we have had so very few returned that we are again quite out, and the demand still increasing; we, therefore, again repeat our offer, or we will forward our correspondents' letters and postage stamps in present form, the proprietors have determined upon resuming the beautiful Engravings with suitable letterpress descriptions, in book form, under the title of

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The early numbers of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS being entirely out of print, and the demand for them being still very great, and it being impossible to reprint them in its present form, the proprietors have determined upon resuming the beautiful Engravings with suitable letterpress descriptions, in book form, under the title of

OUR NATIONAL SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

On superior paper, in Numbers, Twopence each.
Contents of No. 1.—Price Twopence. Ready May 1st.

1. Portrait of Tom Sayers in private costume.
2. Do. of John C. Heenan do.
3. Do. of Harry Beaumont, Sayers' second.
4. Do. of Jimmy Wells do.
5. Do. of "Cusick," Heenan's do.
6. Do. of Johnny Macdonald do.
7. Do. of Tom Sayers in fighting attitude.
8. Do. of John C. Heenan do.
9. Sayers' Colours.
10. Heenan's do.
11. The meeting of Sayers and Heenan at Owen Swift's, from a sketch by our own artist.

INTRODUCTION TO OUR NATIONAL SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

A full account of the career of the whole of the above celebrated men, and the fight for the Championship of the world, in superior paper, made expressly for this national work, and printed in a bold, clear type, in book form, imperial octavo, for binding.

GIVE YOUR ORDERS EARLY.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR NO. 7.—APRIL 26.

The Great Ten Miles Walking Match at Garrat-lane on Monday last, for the benefit of Miles, of Dristow, whose portrait we give this week.
The Westmorland and Cumberland Wrestling at Horwath Wood House yesterday (4 engravings).

And all the Sporting and Theatrical News of the week.
Give your orders early, or it will be impossible to supply the demand and prevent disappointment, as in the case of the first four numbers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad if correspondents will adopt some distinctive cognomen, and not use those of "Constant Reader," "A Subscriber," &c. We have a complete class of "Constant Readers" and "Subscribers" by us, to attempt to answer which would be to make confusion worse confounded. In answer to numerous inquiries concerning *cartes de visite*, we beg to announce our intention of continuing them from time to time. Correspondents who do not find their queries answered in the number in which they expect to find them must not imagine that the subject on which they require information is passed over in silence. In many instances it is quite impossible for us to give the answers to all the queries, and for all subjects is so great, and despatched by some night's mail, or early post on following morning.

RING.—H. HARRY (27, Rue des Petits, Boulevard-Sur-Mer).—We have Heenan's own authority for declining to fight at the current price, if ever he does so, which is extremely doubtful, as he has "metal more attractive" to his men. Under these circumstances, we are generally looking out for the undividedness of reopening old quarrels. Still be glad to see you on arrival. Could you not drop us a line upon any sporting matter which may arise at any time?

A SCANDAL.—Your judgment in photography seems to be upon a par with your *truly beautiful* style of engraving, which betrays a lamentable delinquency of London. Your portrait of Nolan, we aver, is a faithful one, so acknowledged to us, who have known that boxer since he first entered the cords.

THE TURF.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

"That coming events cast their shadows before" is scarcely applicable to things in general, and certainly not to the Newmarket Craven in particular, for there is scarcely any decided outline of the next week's proceedings fitting before our mind's eye at this present writing. We generally look back on the past in order to gather information for the future, and we are bound to say that our retrospective glances do not lead us to dwell on the past with any regret, or to represent us as a metropolitan of the turf. As we cannot decide the merits of the fields by their past performance we will endeavour to base our judgment on another foundation, and consider our task with more than a passing allusion to two horses, who have come out from something like obscurity into great prominence; these are Caracacus and Elcho, both of whom we have noticed in the preceding week. There can be little doubt they will figure conspicuously in the coming week.

It would be mere waste of space to go through the entire programme, which commences on Monday and extends over Friday, so we will hastily epitomise the minor events this week.

A sweepstakes of £20 over the R. M. has several subscribers, including the names of Eschequer and Agate. If Mr. Maylor's colt is brought out for the occasion he will win easily, if not Caracacus, in our opinion, the best chance. For the Huddersworth Stakes SCANDAL is our choice.

The Free Handicap presents two names of importance—Little Lady and Healer. Little Lady carries 125 lbs., and we are of opinion, the best chance of it is no more than probable she will come off victorious.

If Old Calabar should come to the post for the sweepstakes of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds, he will win easily by a head.

The Derby Trial Plate has some interest. It is run over the last mile and a-half of the Beacon course. For this event we have an excellent company, there being entered Goshawk, Ransley, Copeland, and Zodiak among the four-year-olds; and Wingrave, Esquis, Keane, Prince Plausible, and the Knave among the three-year-olds, with Asteroid conspicuous among them all. It is not at all probable that Wingrave will go to the post—if he does, it will be to win, in his absence there is no better representative for us than

ASTERIOD.

As yet it is premature to speculate on the Newmarket Handicap, but duty compels, and so we take "Nothing venture nothing have" for a motto, we throw ourselves at once into our task. In all probability we shall have a select field on this occasion; among the three-year-olds we have Watchfire, Sir Canwell, 1st 13lb; Gorse, 2nd 12lb; and Yarra, 3rd 7lb. From these Gorse stands well forth, so well as to prove a most formidable opponent. The representative of *de la France* will undoubtedly be Fintona, but we are not inclined to think that there will be any success attending the pick of the lot. Doesa will never do at any price; true, he made an awkward mistake in the Metropolitan, and yet succeeded in obtaining a place, but this is not success sufficient to warrant our thinking favourably of him in such company as he will be on this occasion. Hadji-Stavros, too, seems jumping into favour, but the odds are not such that we can rely on him. Healer, too, is between Gorse and Caracacus. After due consideration we shall place far in advance of the whole lot

GORSE.

The fourth Newmarket Biennial, for three-year-olds, has sixty subscribers, but here again we shall doubtless have a select field. The prominent names are Gemse, Duke Bollo, Caracacus, and Hubert. We cannot but think that Caracacus will have an easy victory over the others, but the race will be likely to be legitimately in the race, although Gemse will look well up at the finish. For the four-year-old Biennial we shall advise our friends to stand on the merits of

CALLER OUT.

OLD CALABAR's name appears in the Bennington Stakes, and therefore, it is scarcely worth while to say that, if Gemse, he will be there.

VATICINATOR.

TATTERSALL'S—MONDAY.

Monday was, indeed, a day of reckoning at the Corner, and the bookmakers certainly had the worst case demand for the Two Thousand, 3 to 1 was taken about him several times. The Marquis looked dry, and seems as unlikely to improve in favour as he does in temper. Caterer was second favourite 6 to 1.

For the Chester Cup Caracacus had increased in favour. It was whispered that Lord Stamford made an offer, after the Metropolitan Stakes, to purchase Caracacus, but the offer was not taken. They were, it was alleged, £100,000, and an annuity of £100 a year in the event of the horse's winning the Derby.

Buckstone was the most prominent Derby horse; he was backed at 5 to 1, but the odds were not forthcoming liberally. Closing prices:

TWO THOUSAND GENERAL.

3 to 1	agst Old Calabar (c and off.)	100 to 1	Hubert (t)
9 to 1	Caterer (t)	20 to 1	Marble Hill (off)
9 to 1	Alfred (t)	10 to 1	Alfred (t)
10 to 1	The Marquis (off)	23 to 1	Bull's Eye (t)
12 to 1	Nottingham (t)		

100 to 1	agst Hadji Stavros (100 to 1 & off.)	25 to 1	Stamper (t)
10 to 1	freely.	25 to 1	Junag Fann (off)
15 to 1	Zodiak (t)	25 to 1	Hubert (t)
15 to 1	Fairwater (t)	33 to 1	Brown Duchess (t)
100 to 6	Caracacus (t)	33 to 1	Spurwell (t)
20 to 1	Vest colt (t and off)	40 to 1	Heulander (t)

5 to 1	agst Buckstone (t and off)	25 to 1	The Marquis (t)
10 to 1	Old Calabar (c and off.)	25 to 1	Caracacus (c and off.)
22 to 1	Caterer (t)	25 to 1	Hubert (t)

8 to 1	agst Fintona (t)	8 to 1	agst Carbineer (t and off)
9 to 1	Gabriel de Estrotes (t and off)	10 to 1	Ducat (t)
		10 to 1	Yarra (t)

100 to 8	agst Zodiak (t)	20 to 1	agst Agate (t)
100 to 8	Hadji Stavros (t)	25 to 1	Junag Fann (t and off)
100 to 6	Fairwater (t)	33 to 1	Brown Duchess (t)
20 to 1	Vest colt (t and off)	33 to 1	Callor (t)
35 to 1	Hubert (t)		

3 to 1	agst Old Calabar (t)	10 to 1	agst Alfreddon (t)
8 to 1	Caterer (t)	10 to 1	Marquis (t)
		10 to 1	agst Vintura (t and off)

5 to 1	agst Yarra.
9 to 1	agst Caterer.

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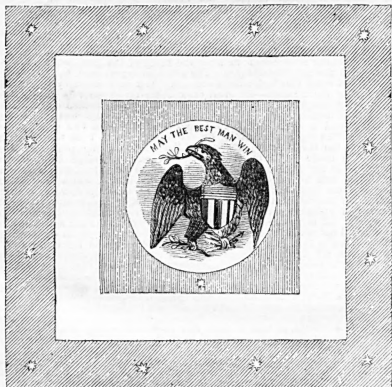
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At the Leander Storoos (opposite the stage-door of Astley's Theatre) Mrs. Parish (late of the Strand) will have a harmonic meeting as usual on Tuesday evening next, when Mr. Nat. Ross will take the chair, faced by his old

VETERINARY PRACTICE.

PERHAPS in scarcely any other art has more progress been made than in that of veterinary practice in the last ten years. Before the first Exhibition in 1851, and although the Veterinary College had been founded a number of years, the professors of the latter, and the great majority of practitioners in all parts of the kingdom, were content to follow in the footsteps of their fathers—the cow leech of old; and the canter, with all its cruelty, and bleeding, with all the follies of depletion, were the "be-all and end-all" of the horse doctor. But now on the approach of another "Great Exhibition," what immense studies have been made between the two periods of '51 and '62, and great triumphs of the veterinary art can now also be recorded. Master spirits have arisen who have reduced theory to practice, have thrown down the barriers of "protected and exclusive" prejudices, and boldly struck out a new path, aided only by their own inherent skill, backed by the public, and that, too, in spite of professional jealousies, or interested corporations. Foremost among the pioneers stands our old friend, Mr. Major, the well-known V.S. in Park-lane, Piccadilly, who, strong in his own honest convictions, and, what is of more importance still, his successful treatment, battled bravely against the revolting system of firing, that all have now been forced to forgo that practice, with only few and very rare exceptions. The racing stables, hunting and farm establishments in all parts of the kingdom, have had the successful proofs of his mode of treatment, and that greatest of all terrors to the "high-mettled race"—breaking down—has been met; and, what is of more essential consequence, can in most cases be avoided by timely attention, and following rules so simple, and at the same time so convincing, from their very simplicity, as to carry conviction at once even to the most sceptical and prejudiced. Any one who, by his own unaided exertions against great difficulties and opposition, can truthfully say that he has abolished "firing and blistering," and in most cases practices of a most deplorable character, can well boast of much success achieved in the last ten years. Under the above head we shall, from time to time, treat of "Veterinary Practice," and as we wish only to promulgate truth, come from what quarter it may, we have thought it but right to mention one gentleman, to whom, more than any other, we are indebted for the rapid strides lately made in the healing art, as applicable to our domestic animals, whether they be those who minister to our comforts, our pleasure, or the various duties that animals have to perform, more particularly the "noble horse." The great scourge of "pleur-pneumonia," or lay disease, from which so many cattle and sheep have fallen victims, can now be successfully treated. And here again Mr. Major's treatment is more apparent in its success; and, what is of still more importance, its "prevention" is almost rendered a certainty. Of such vital consequences are these subjects to a majority of our readers that we shall again, and further enlarge on their treatment, sufficient being now that we have called attention to matters which so much concern the great body of the public.



HEENAN'S COLOURS.

Were a white ground silk handkerchief with a broad blue border, star-spangled and a square red and white centre piece, with the American Eagle, bearing an olive branch in its mouth, and bearing against its breast the arms of the United States, in shield pattern.



ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.*

(From a Photograph by Mr. Fredericks, Broadway.)

THERE are few persons whose life has been more romantic than that of the distinguished American actress whose portrait this week graces the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS. Captured at an early age by Indians, she then perit Adah Isaacs (of Jewish descent, as the name implies) was compelled to live many years among those semi-barbarous tribes, and but for the intrepidity and daring of a gallant colonel, who succeeded in rescuing her from these wily savages, might still have been an untutored, though none the less beautiful, Indian princess. The young lady next joined a *ballerina* corps as premier danseuse in a Western theatre; was subsequently married to Mr. Menken, a literary celebrity. The grand cause of bringing our heroine into public favour was the forming a company of volunteers in Ohio, the "Dayton Light Guard," and acting as their captain. From this hour she became the universal theme of conversation, like a second Joan of Arc. Having now adopted the stage as a profession and calling, she played highly successful and remunerating engagements in all the leading American theatres. Was divorced from Mr. Menken, and in 1859 became the wife of a famous gladiator. She continued playing, however, under her former name until her husband's departure for England, when, by the urgent solicitations of the Bowery Theatre managers, permission was granted to use the party's name above referred to, both on the playbills and in advertising. Here commenced the lady's first troubles; certain public journals having taken umbrage thereat, and belched forth a torrent of abuse, amounting, in many instances, to gross insult. But there was at least one honourable exception, Frank Queen, Esq., editor of the *New York Clipper* (the theatrical organ of America); and he battled so fearlessly, yet nobly, in behalf of the talented artist, that in a few short months he gained a complete and triumphant victory over her enemies. At the present day her former calumniators vie with each other in eulogy! Notwithstanding the recent unhappy state of things in America, Adah Isaacs Menken's success throughout the past year has been astounding, and many a manager has cause to be thankful indeed to perhaps the only mediator between himself and the sheriff. In addition to reigning one of the most versatile performers of the day, she unites the accomplishments of a graceful dancer, excellent vocalist, rare linguist, and remarkably original poetess—a combination of attributes that must stamp her as one of the most extraordinary females living. The lady is tall, and of fine, commanding figure, with abundance of raven-black hair, large dark eyes, and very animated expression. There is every probability of Adah Isaacs Menken appearing at an early day before the English public, when an opportunity will be afforded of judging of her real artistic merit.

* Mrs. Heenan.

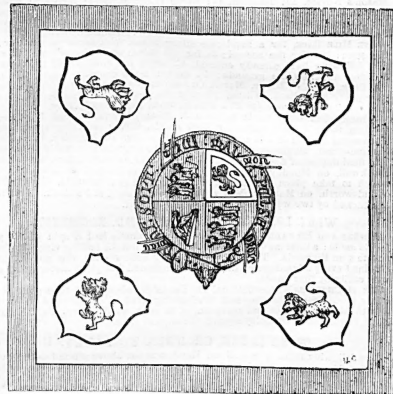
THE MEETING OF SAYERS, HEENAN, AND MACE, AT OWEN SWIFT'S.

Ours engraving of the meeting of the three great heroes of the ring presents one of the most vivid instances of the manliness and good fellowship which characterise the members of the pugilistic profession. The meeting of the heroes of Farnborough was touching in its warmth, whilst the greeting given Mace proved in what estimation he is held, not only by the public at large, but by those who have borne the proud distinction of being his rivals. The coming of Heenan was looked upon by Mace as a certain guarantee that he meant another

tussle for the Championship, and, jealous of the honour, Jen was prepared to defend it before the Boy sounded a war signal, and his backer, Mr. Moss Phillips, gave out that Mace was to be matched immediately for any amount up to £1,000. Heenan, however, declared he had no intention to fight Mace or any other man in England. All this had formed the subject of conversation on the evening of the meeting of the three heroes, and had scarcely been settled when Tom Sayers arrived on the scene, and a most amusing episode took place. Sayers immediately rushed to Heenan, and, seizing "the Boy's" hand, shook it with friendly vigour, and in the enthusiasm of the moment almost dragged Heenan down, but Tom himself fell. Tom appeared delighted at the return of his old opponent, and the interchange of inquiries as to their health and happiness was most hearty. Mace and the two great gladiators were of course the lions of the party, and Sayers, who was brimful of fun and humour, handled his shaft in all directions. Much talk again ensued as to Heenan's future policy in this country, until Mace quietly said, "He'd fight both of 'em," if they chose whereupon Sayers put down a £5 note as a deposit, and this was immediately covered by Mace with five sovereigns, Tom choosing Mr. Moss Phillips as stakeholder. At this point a gentleman reminded Sayers that he was bound down not to fight by the terms of his annuity. Sayers then asked Mace if he might be permitted to withdraw his money, and Mace at once consented, conduct which pleased the spectators exceedingly, and greatly increased the good name which Jen has already earned.

THE GREAT CHESS CONGRESS.

The preparations for the forthcoming London Chess Festival progress with great vigour, and promises of support come to head-quarters daily from every part of Europe. The managing committee sit Saturdays, at the London Chess Club, over Russell's, Cornhill; or at the St. George's Club, King-street, St. James's. The subscriptions received already pass 450 guineas. For the principal prize, which is likely to be a purse of 500 guineas, it is possible Kolsch, Andersen, Lowenthal, Harwitz, Pulsen, and other leading celebrities will compete. It is as yet uncertain whether Paul Morphy, the real king of the board, can get away, he being a citizen of New Orleans, and we trust doing duty for his Southern brethren with head and arm. In the forthcoming tourney a match will be played by a committee against Paris and Vienna at the same time. The seat of battle here will be the St. James's great hall, where the telegraphic wires will be placed; and large public rooms will be selected for the chess players, which will be specially extended. The printed prospectus can be got at head-quarters, and all particulars as to the tournaments in their several shapes about to be held. The proceedings commence in June. Guineas subscribers will not only have the *entrée* to the various public places of meeting, but will subsequently receive a volume of the games played, problems presented, and general proceedings. The vexed question of king's pawn two, on both sides, as a rule of play, is to be left in the great tourney to the decision of the players themselves; and if two-thirds vote in its favour the rule to be made absolute.



SAYERS' COLOURS.

These colours were a beautiful cream-coloured silk handkerchief, with a broad crimson border. At each corner was a lion rampant in shields; and in the centre an escutcheon quartered, bearing the mottoes of "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and "Dieu et mon Droit."



MEETING OF TOM SAYERS AND HEENAN.

BILLIARDS.

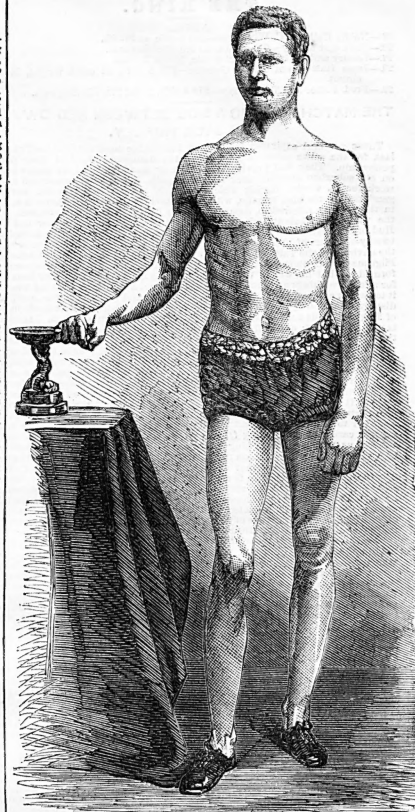
IN pursuance of our promise we now proceed to give a little further instruction to the novice and a few hints to billiard players generally, presuming they will tend to make the game what it ought always to be considered, a gentlemanly amusement, equally well suited to the man of means as to others inferior in station, who may occasionally seek, at a small expense, the relaxation from the toils of business so congenial to the feelings of all men. It may not be out of place, in the first instance, to remark that the elegance of the billiard table is one of the things most important to be studied. Bad manners should be carefully avoided, and care should always be taken to aid an opponent as much as possible in playing the game to the best of his ability. Many players are in the habit of whistling, chaffing, or making a noise during the time their opponents may be striking; others place themselves behind the pocket about to be played for, and thus prevent the striker from taking that steady aim necessary for accomplishing the desired object. To such antics as these we have a decided objection, and would much prefer not playing at all than to play with an opponent having a desire to lull him in them. Other persons exhibit a want of temper, and consider that a few lucky strokes on the part of an opponent must necessarily win a game, forgetting that steady, careful play will almost invariably conquer bad luck, and that it is always better to be able to play an up-hill game than to run away by chance from an opponent through favourable breaks of the ball constantly happening. In a public room gentlemen should play the game without noise, observation, boast, or satire, any of which is calculated to disturb the even tenor of the interest naturally excited as to the result. On commencing a game the great object is to mark the position of the balls, and, if a score is not apparently easy, give a miss under a side cushion, or in such other place as may render it most difficult for the opponent to score. Never play with carelessness, nor throw away a chance; and be specially particular as to the strength of the table, and the force with which you strike your ball, as much more depends on strength than the power of making any hazard of a difficult kind. A player who has acquired the particular strength of a table will soon know how to bring a losing hazard should be played into the middle pocket in order to bring the object ball down from the top cushion over the middle pocket again; and this, being one of the most attractive portions of the game, should never be lost sight of. We have often seen from five to seven consecutive red hazards made into the middle pocket by a person who, in other respects, played an indifferent game, proving that strength more than compensates for hard hitting and all the luck that frequently attends that style of play.

In a future article we shall make some observations on the mechanical portion of the game, illustrate particular strokes by the aid of diagrams, and show how the game is to be acquired by a beginner. It was our intention this week to have reported at length one or two interesting amateur matches which have been on the tapis for some time past, but which have been postponed in consequence of the absence of one of the players. We hope, however, to be able in our next to supply the particulars.

ROBERTS AND BOWLES.

On Monday evening Saville House, Leicester-square, was very numerously attended, to witness one of those exhibitions of splendid billiard playing, with which the public have become familiar since Mr. Roberts has been located in the metropolis. In this match Mr. Roberts gave his opponent, Mr. Bowles, 200 in 1000. At the early part of the game Mr. Bowles made some long scores in several breaks, the longest being 120, consequently Mr. Roberts made little progress in reducing the odds given. When Mr. Bowles was 701, Mr. Roberts had scored 445; at 800, 610; at 902, 808; Mr. Roberts having made from one break 110, the best part of them by his favourite stroke from the spot. He was much applauded on making some of his finest strokes. The game was won by Mr. Bowles, Mr. Roberts having obtained 880.

The match at pyramids was then commenced, in which Mr. Roberts gave one ball. In the first game, Mr. Bowles having pocketed one ball in addition to the one given, Mr. Roberts, in a break, obtained the rest. He won three other games, and the match.



MYERS, OF NORWICH.

MR. SOTHERN AS "LORD DUNDREARY."

WE present our readers with a portrait of a personage who has sent all London into ecstasies, and made it ring from end to end with hilarious laughter. Last year Mr. Sothern made his first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre as *Lord Dundreary*, in a comedy, entitled "Our American Cousin." He came before the public unheralded, and before a week had passed had firmly established himself as one of the most original comic comedians who had ever appeared before the footlights of a metropolitan theatre. His impersonation of a half-witted scion of nobility completely upset the equilibrium of the critics, and we verily believe they scarcely knew whether to hail the new actor as a genius or a clown, so different is his style to that of any other actor they have been accustomed to see represent the genus swell. There certainly was some reason in the hesitation evinced by the critics in declaring the merits of this performance, for anything so nearly approaching outrageous burlesque as Mr. Sothern's *Dundreary* could not be met with. He goes to the extreme verge of extravagance, and takes nature as far as possible. He stretches probability to its utmost limits, and draws a picture the original of which we admit we never saw, but which we should not be surprised to find in every pettified, whiskered individual we meet in society, so artistic is Mr. Sothern's creation, and so vivid is the impression it leaves. In this singular part of *Dundreary*, the actor has to read a letter; and this is done with so many eccentricities of delivery as to induce the audience to re-demand it every night—an honour generally reserved for musical performances only. To attempt to describe *Lord Dundreary* would be to signify fail, for such humour and peculiarities as are presented in the character could not be conveyed by the pen. We may, however, remark that Mr. Sothern's enunciation is a singular mixture of a drawl, a strutter, and a sneeze—the effect of which is supremely ridiculous. Putting the question of nature, and the advisability of reflecting it on the stage, on one side for the moment, we are bound to say that we never remember seeing such a piece of acting as Mr. Sothern presents us with; and to those desirous of ascertaining how far beyond probability a true artist can carry peculiarities without being accused of overstepping the limit of possibility, we say emphatically, go and see it. The actor has, in our opinion, acted wisely in varying the tints of this part night after night; it proves that he plays from impulse, and that his humour is not cut and dried for the occasion. Of the merits of the play we shall not speak at any length; it is neatly constructed, and not badly written. Its chief characteristics, that it is constructed for the display of the talent of an actor in a part which has nothing at all to do with the plot.

On Saturday last the comedy registered its 101st night in the bills. It has been played with unabated success, and on Easter Monday will be re-produced, and will doubtless keep the boards during the Exhibition season.

MR. SOTHERN AS "LORD DUNDREARY."

(From a Sketch by our own Artist.)



MILES, OF BRIXTON.

MYERS AND MILES, THE PEDESTRIANS.

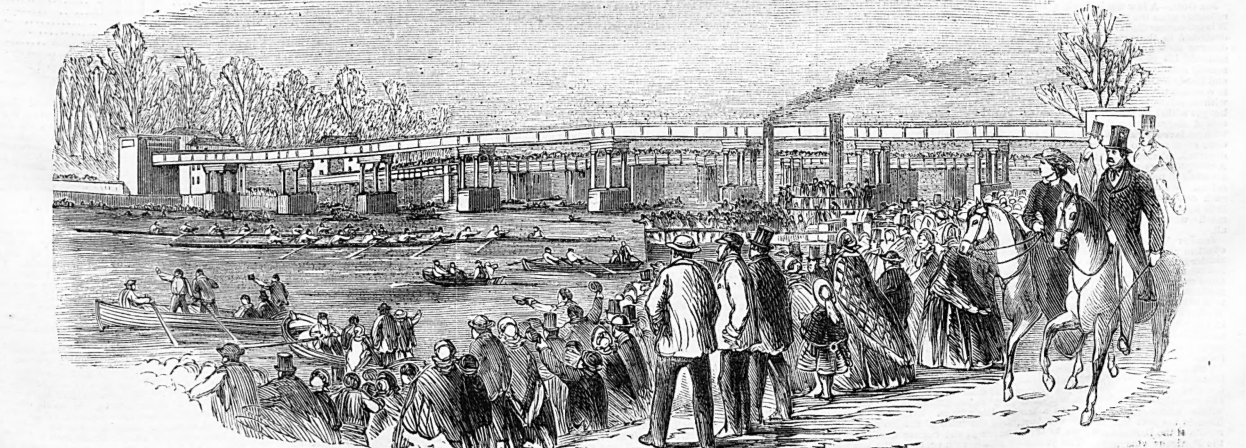
William Myers was born at Norwich, March 5, 1836, height 5ft 10in. He first appeared in public in the year 1855, when he walked 200 miles in six days, for £100, and was victorious, at Shrewsbury. Beat Jones, of Hitchin, in a 4 mile walk for £10 a side. He next jumped 500 hurdles, 10 yds apart, 3ft 6in high, against time, 30min, for £20, which he lost by a quarter of a minute, at Huntingdon, June 24, 1856. Jumped 200 hurdles in 12m, 10 yds apart 3ft 6in high, £10 a side, at Huntingdon, December 30, 1856. Won a gold cup at Aldershot, 188, over 500 hurdles. Walked second to T. Miles of Brixton, in a 4 mile handicap. Walked second to W. Spooner, in a 7 mile handicap. Won a silver cup, distance 34 miles, at Brompton—defeating Davis, Birch, Furness, Spooner, and ten others. He next walked Bailey, of Oxford-street, for £10 a side, Bailey receiving 1 min. start, in 4 miles, at Brompton. Beaten by Old Smith, of Ipswich, in a 7 mile race, for £25 a side, Smith being allowed 1 min. start; lost by 1ft. at Hackney Wick. Proved the winner of a 3 mile handicap at Holloway Grounds, defeating Hatley, Dorrington, Old Smith, Furness, Murphy of Glasgow, and several others. Beat W. Priestly for the championship, on Good Friday, 1861, for £25 a side. Received forfeit from Preston of £2 10s. Beaten by Priestly twice; both times being out of condition, for £15 a side. Beat T. Beeston, 7 miles, for £25 a side, at Chalk Farm, Primrose-hill.

Miles' first performance was with one Harris, a novice like himself, from Brixton. This was a two mile walk, which he won, three years back, at Croydon. He next defeated Fletcher, of St. George's, ten miles, at Garrat-lane; then gave Bailey two minutes, in ten miles, at Garrat-lane, following up this success by defeating John Holmes at the same place, two years back, for £20 a side, in a four mile match. He next won a handicap at Garrat-lane, defeating eighteen others. In the same year he won the belt at Wolverhampton, three miles, in 21min. 15sec.—extraordinary good time.

His first defeat was by William Spooner, for £50 a side and the championship. This was a fourteen mile match, at Brompton, in which he did the distance in 3min. 15sec. under the two hours. His last match was on Monday last, the details of which will be found in another column.

He was born at East Grinstead, in Sussex; weighs 9st 8lb; in altitude is 5ft 7 1/2in, and will be 22 years of age on the 24th of July next.

EXPORT OF SALMON.—A Custom-house return states the value of salmon exported from the United Kingdom at £18,620 in 1861, £22,397 in 1860, and £23,336 in 1861. This is the value of the salmon exported under that specific designation, but no return can be furnished of such as was procured in this or otherwise, and exported under the general description of "provisions." A considerable quantity of salmon was taken out of season, and probably sent abroad by routes and conveyances chosen for the purpose of avoiding notice.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

APRIL

**THE MATCH FOR £10 A SIDE BETWEEN
AND JACK HURLEY.**

[illegible]

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.—NORRIS HALL (OF DASH)
WILKINSON (OF THE POTTERIES).—These men have staked £50 a side, and, on
Tuesday next, fight half way between home and home. The excitement in
the Midland district is very great. Hall has the call in the betting.

ON 24th February the Englishmen started for Bathurst, where a reception enthusiasm as they had received at Sydney awaited them. The local journals say, "When the coach, drawn by six splendid grey, and containing the Englishmen, came within about four miles from Bathurst, a cavalcade that had come out to meet them drew up on the plains, in order to give them hearty welcome. After a considerable amount of noisy chattering - to which the Englishmen silently responded by lifting their caps - the cavalcade moved onwards towards Bathurst, headed by a band of music. Enthusiasm was at its highest here, and Bathurst people were everywhere. The Englishmen were never seen before, and were now seen again; and the welcome was so hearty that the Englishmen fell in love with pleasure by the noble fellows when they return to their tire land."

